

The Best Thing About Me

by misscam

Category: StarTrek: Voyager

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Chakotay, K. Janeway

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-05-28 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:45:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,281

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Janeway is taken by the Borg. How far will Chakotay go to get her back and can he?

The Best Thing About Me

II

It all happened so fast. Suddenly, she was gone, taken. Assimilated.

Assimilated. It doesn't matter how many times I repeat the word, I still can't understand it. We had escaped the Borg so many times we almost began to believe they couldn't harm us.. not consciously, but unconsciously the idea formed nevertheless. They couldn't harm us.

But they have. More so than I thought possible. They ripped her away from us.. from me.. and suddenly the heavy burden of choice were on my shoulders. Pursue.. or stay back and repair the damage the ship had got.

The crew or my Captain. How can anyone choose between those? But I knew what she'd tell me to do, and so I followed that.. My mind over my heart.

The Borg escaped.

And we tried to follow their trace. Perhaps futile, but I had to try, I had to do something. For days we looked, and looked, but she was gone. She was gone.

II

We are the Borg. You are the Borg. You are us.

I am I am..

We are the Borg.

We are.

II

The Best Thing About Me
>by Camilla Sandman<p>

Response to a Challenge

Disclaimer: The Borg and I cut a deal.. I let 'em assimilate
Paramount, and they let me have Voyager. Who said they can't be
fair:)

Author's Note: This story is just based on a picture I saw of Janeway
all Borgy, I have no glue what happens in the ep or anything
surrounding that, but hey.. It's much more fun to make up
stuff.

II

Chakotay looked out on the Bridge, seeing the tired faces, seeing the
desperation. He felt it too, but his face was cut in stone, giving
away nothing. Not even how his heart bled and he wanted to howl in
pain. It felt like the best part of him had been ripped
away.

Turning to Kim, he got a slight shake of the head. Nothing. Still
nothing.

"Paris.. lay in a new course.. for the Alpha Quadrant," he said
quietly.

"But Commander.." Paris protested

"She's gone, Tom."

The words seemed to echo through the bridge, back and forth, feeling
his head.

Gonegonegonegonegone

"Yes, sir."

"Tuvok.." Chakotay motioned for the Vulcan to follow him to.. her
ready room. It was still hers. It would always be hers.

"We can't find her," he said coolly as soon as the door closed behind
them, "and we can't afford to look too hard."

"True. But the crew may not view it like that."

"No.. but I will find her."

A raised eyebrow was all the reaction he got.

"Highly irrational.. but very human," Tuvok observed, meeting his

gaze.

"Yes.. I have to."

I'll find you. I will. I will.

"And what if you can't find her, sir?"

I will. I will.

"I will."

Seeing his dark eyes filled with hurt, Tuvok knew he had to believe he could find her, or he would be lost for them.

"You will."

II

He left at night. Taking the new shuttle Seven, B'Elanna and Tom had worked on, he flew into the darkness of space, soon hidden from Voyager among the stars. Part Borg technology, the shuttle had the best shot of finding any Borg cubes in the area. And if he was lucky, it could pass for a Borg vessel.

Space was silent, dark. Usually the sight comforted him, but now it was an ominous reminder that every darkness could hide a Borg cube. He was tired, but couldn't sleep, images haunting his mind.

He saw the Borg cube appear suddenly, out of nowhere, firing on the Voyager.

He saw Kathryn's shuttle be dragged towards the cube, saw it be pulled in.

He saw Voyager hit the Borg, saw the cube begin to pull away.

He saw Kim's terrified look as he reported ten dead in Engineering.

He saw Tom almost run down there himself to see if B'Elanna was alright.

He saw the Cube disappear.

He saw too much.

The console beeped.

And there it was. As dark as space around it, just a green flicker here and there separating it from its background.

The Borg. Making no hostile moves against him.

It might work.

It might not work.

It might work.

He approached it carefully, flying as casual as he dared. It boomed on his screen, filling all his senses. On Voyager it had looked big, now it looked gigantic.

But it didn't stop him. It didn't pull him in, for then he was just another drone. He was the Borg.

Transporting in, he knew the Cube's system would be alarmed, but he simply didn't care, stepping carefully among the drones. He would find her.

He walked in a daze. For how long, or how many drones he saw he didn't know, but suddenly he saw her.

Stepping forward, she was Kathryn, and yet not Kathryn. She was the Borg. Horror filled him, even though he had known deep down that they had to have assimilated her. Still the sight was unbearable.

He rushed up to her, pressing the hypospray into her neck. Her system would combat it soon enough, but for now she fell lifelessly against him. And suddenly all the drones turned to him.

"Resistance is futile."

"You will be assimilated."

"The hell I will!" he shouted, pushing his comm.

"Transport now!"

And the shuttle computer did as he had programmed it to, transported him out as the drones advanced.

And the Cube turned. It filled the viewscreen as he materialised in the shuttle with Kathryn in his arms.

"Resistance is futile," it boomed.

"Dispatch packet," he ordered, and the shuttle let go off the bomb it had been carrying, letting it drift towards the Cube.

"Full impulse," he ordered, grabbing the consoles.

The blast lit up the sky. First red, then yellow, then greenish as the Cube was engulfed. No screams came, because the Borg didn't scream, just a silent death filled space.

The shuttlecraft were hit too. A wave of fire washed over it, sparks everywhere. But it didn't explode. He fell to the floor, feeling the shuttle shake around him, praying it would hold together. Crawling towards Kathryn, he was met with an empty stare that told him contact with the Borg had been severed.

"We are the Borg," she said chillingly. He shook his head.

"No. You are Captain Kathryn Janeway."

"Resistance.."

He grabbed hold of her, shaking her shoulders.

"You're Kathryn Janeway.. damnit, don't you remember?"

"We are the Borg."

We are We are

"You are Kathryn!"

We are we are.. I? I am?

"Come back to me.. please come back to me.."

I am I am

"I am," she whispered.

II

The shuttlecraft drifted helplessly in space, darkness engulfing it. They had survived the explosion, only to be stranded in a big nowhere.

Kathryn had fallen asleep, still partly in her Borg outfit. He couldn't remove it all, knowing it would kill her. Voyager could, but they couldn't reach her, adrift in deep space, engine dead.

They would run out of oxygen too, all the systems damaged beyond repair. He felt his mind begin to drift, the air already thin.

"Voyager to Shuttle One. Chakotay, are you there?"

He had to be dreaming. He to be.

"Commander?"

In a daze, he reached for the Comm system.

"I'm here."

Voyager had come. Ignoring his commands, Voyager had followed him nevertheless. They were here.

Reaching out, he cradled Kathryn in his laps, holding her tight.

Voyager had come.

End
file.